

# Good Morning 364

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## A 'Glossy Greeting' for Tel. James

TELEGRAPHIST James Hampson will laugh when he reads of the visit made by "Good Morning" to his home in Smith's Lane, Hindley Green, near Wigan.

We met your mother—hard at work spring-cleaning—and your two brothers-in-law. We did NOT meet "Sooty," your cat.

When your mother told us about "Sooty" we decided to let her greet you in a "Good Morning" picture.

Your mother found "Sooty" upstairs. We got her down into the kitchen, but with a growl and a bite she soon regained her freedom.

It was suggested that we recapture her and take her to Lord Street, Wigan, to be

## Hampson

photographed with your young lady. Well, we'll do almost anything to please you lads, but until we get lessons in lion taming we intend treating cats like "Sooty" with the utmost respect.

Sorry, James, it would have been a welcome picture, we know, but knowing "Sooty" as you do, you will understand. Hope you are soon home, James, to renew your games with "Sooty." Your mother told us that you often play with the cat until the early hours.

All at home send their love, James.

## PASSING ALL GHOST STATIONS

THE largest air-raid shelter in Britain, one of the big ones that have long since been proved and in service, was adapted from a forgotten tube tunnel in Southwark.

It was built in 1892 by a railway company that doesn't exist any more, and it linked stations that have long since vanished. Disused for over forty years, it is only one of

### with RON. GARTH

the many obsolete railways and derelict stations that lie buried beneath the busy streets of London.

It is an eerie experience, for instance, to visit what is left of the old underground railway beneath King William Street. Its main station has been closed since 1909. It still has the old-style signal-box, the old lifts—and even the old advertisements, the old names and notices. It is the past buried alive.

It was once nearly leased as a shooting range, but the arrangements fell through. Maybe the marksmen were disturbed by the "ghost," a queer sound like a ship's propeller echoing in the tunnel, which many have heard but none can explain.

On the darkened platform of another old London underground station, 120 feet be-

# Killed Ten Women—But—Forgot. WHERE BLUEBEARD BLUNDERED

I SAW him when he was being examined. I saw him when he faced the guillotine—a little, bald-headed man, with a prominent dark beard streaked with grey.

He had murdered at least ten women. He had defrauded three hundred. They called him the modern Bluebeard. His name was Landru. He was the cheekiest, pertest, most impudent little poser who ever faced judges. He made spectators at his examination roll with laughter at his replies. He made his examiners bite their lips in exasperation. He became a comic in face of tragedy.

When he was asked on the morning of his execution if he had any statement to make, he replied haughtily, "What! Such a question is an insult. I must not keep the executioner waiting."

When asked by the examining magistrate about his associations with the women whom he was charged with murdering, he answered suavely, "I am a gallant man, and will not say anything."

When he was pressed in regard to one of his "fiances" who was giving evidence against him, he retorted in an injured tone, "I would never reveal the nature of my relations with her without her permission."

Hoping to trap him, his interrogator referred to some "female buttons" found in his stove.

"Pardon, monsieur le juge," interrupted Landru, "but buttons have no sex!"

The spectators rocked in their seats. Landru remained calm and coldly triumphant.

Who was he, this little, bearded, bald-headed devil of a comic who could make all the world laugh with him in face of death?

He was nobody very important. He was born in 1869, in Paris. He lived there until 1904, undistinguished, one of the mass. In boyhood he was a chorister in a church. He was glib of tongue, persuasive in his manner. He grew up, learned the motor-car-garage trade, and married—and in 1904 the police swooped on him and he was sent to prison for swindling women.

He received four more sentences between then and 1914. In July of that year he was sent down for four years; but he was released

By Stuart  
Martin

from prison six months after war broke out to join the French Army.

He seems to have had a good time, for instead of service in the field he acquired a car, in which he ran around Paris, doing something of a sideline in garage work and also buying and selling second-hand furniture. It was during those four years of war that he swindled over 300 women.

How he murdered the ten victims, as charged, is another story. There never was actual proof of murder. But there was every proof of circumstantial evidence that he did.

His method was simple. He got into touch with women who had either a little money or goods to sell. He made himself friendly. He invited them to a house. And they never appeared again!

Of the ten, only one gave him nothing but herself. She was a 19-year-old servant, Andree Babelay. She had not a penny in the world, but she went to his Bluebeard villa—and disappeared.

He had many aliases and many addresses, but his arrest came because he forgot to recognise a woman. The man who had "recognised" so many made the error of passing one by!

Using the name of M. Fremiet, he had advertised for a "matrimonial partner," and the advertisement was seen by Mme. Buisson, a widow with a small boy. She met M. Fremiet by appointment, and they decided to marry. The small boy was left with an aunt, Mlle. Lacoste.

Now, Mlle. Lacoste had never met Landru. She had seen him only once, and she had gathered from her sister, as a great secret, that she was going to live with M. Fremiet at his house, Villa Ermitage, at Gambais, near the Forest of Rambouillet. Mlle. Lacoste remembered that house's name.

Two years passed, and Mme. Buisson was not heard of during that time. The boy took ill and died. Mlle. Lacoste wrote to the Mayor of Gambais for information.

The Mayor replied that the Villa Ermitage was tenanted by M. Dupont, and he added that a similar inquiry had been made by relatives of a Mme. Collomb.

Mlle. Lacoste went to the police. The police could not help her, except to say that M. Dupont was a motor engineer.

Mlle. Lacoste then turned amateur detective. She began to search for M. Fremiet. She had no luck until one day, in April, 1919, she saw a man very like the one she had seen only once with her sister. She swung round and followed him.

He went into a shop and she lost him, but she made

of line—not far from the Strand—where the L.P.T.B. test new rolling-stock and try out new methods for doing away with noise and draughts, for improved brake systems and faster trains.

Discoveries on this ghost railway will make ghosts of some of the others after the war!



Landru at his Trial

her way back to the shop and inquired. She discovered that this man—she was now sure he was M. Fremiet—had been buying a dinner set, which was to be sent to him. His name was M. Guillot, an engineer, living at 76 Rue de Rochechouart.

Engineer! Mlle. Lacoste raced to the police and demanded an investigation. The police came with her to the address, and there they found M. and Mme. Guillot. Mlle. Lacoste declared vehemently that he was M. Fremiet. He smiled, denying it.

Who was Mme. Guillot? Ah, she was not Mme. Guillot. She was really a one-time actress called Fernande Segret. The police took them both to headquarters for inquiries. The actress was soon released.

But they held Landru. They found from records that he was Landru. They found also, when they probed deeply, that he was also M. Fremiet, M. Dupont, M. Diard, and many other names.

But what was his crime? They scrutinised a small notebook which he carried in his pocket. In the notebook were names—Mme. Buisson, Mlle. Babelay, and then others: Col-lomb, Jaumes, Cuchet, Marchadier, Benoist, Pascal, Laborde.

The investigating inspector looked up the names of missing women. He found all the names on his list!

It took a long time to ferret out the stories, but the cases had many points of similarity. Always the missing woman had made the acquaintance of a man with a bald head, had gone to stay with him, or had married him, and then disappeared.

The police went in force to the Villa Ermitage and started digging in the garden. They found the bones of two dogs. These two dogs had belonged to Marie Marchadier, who had sold some furniture to Landru.

The police went indoors and dug there. In the kitchen stove they found fragments of bones. In the cinders and ashes they found metal parts of women's garments, fasteners and garter catches.

The police dug up many gardens and visited many houses where Landru had lived under aliases. They did not find a body, but more fragments that suggested murder and burning. Villagers at Gambais spoke of noxious smells that had come from the Villa chimneys.

The best detectives in Paris were on the scent. They took months to complete their inquiries, but they worked with thoroughness. Medical experts were called in, and gave their opinion that the fragments of bones belonged to

several persons. In all, it was assumed that ten, and probably eleven, women had met their deaths at the Villa.

It was not until November, 1921, that Landru appeared at the Assizes at Versailles, charged with these murders. He replied to the charge by engaging Moro-Giafferi as leading counsel for his defence, one of the greatest of French lawyers, fiery and eloquent.

Landru kept up the buoyant demeanour at the beginning of the trial, but as the days passed he flagged. One could see his mentality whipping itself to maintain its poise.

But he was tactically correct in his attitude. If a searching question was put to him he simply shook his head and said, "I shall not answer." He meant the prosecution to prove their charges.

The court was crowded with fashionable spectators. Landru played up to them time and again. When the notebook was shown him he raised a sarcastic eye towards the judge.

"The police," he said mildly, "would no doubt have liked me to stand with the words, 'I, the undersigned, confess to murdering the following:'"

When emphasis was laid on the fact that these women had been classed as missing, Landru interjected with contempt, "And have no others disappeared?"

Challenged as to his relations with women, he boldly faced the court. "The ladies you call my fiancées were well aware what they were about," he declared, "They were all" (here he paused) "of age."

It was a great moment for the spectators. But all these backchats showed that he was clever and scheming. Nothing could save him.

When the verdict was brought in he never flinched; just bent over to his counsel and said, "If I could have been saved, you would have saved me." And later: "To forget that a woman has a memory is often fatal."

To a bystander he turned and said, "Well, there is no battle without a death."

Two months later, in February, 1922, he went to his fate, refusing the attention of a priest. He talked glibly to his warders as he mounted the scaffold. He lay down and arranged his cravat. The great knife fell.

Landru's head rolled, bloody and ghastly, into the basket.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# THE HUNT BEGINS

## PART 4

IF any one really were spying on Anstice, it would be John Nickel, thought Martin.

That crafty old fox had undoubtedly by now discovered that three of the coins he had bought from Annie were of gold. He would be a difficult man to shake off. He thought that he might rob Anstice of her treasure. He was still pondering when the first rays of the sun showed over Ruthinas Point, and found him innocently fishing from Sally, anchored a hundred yards away from Fern Cave.

Anstice came along, jumping easily from rock to rock, apparently unaware of his presence. That looked good. He went forward and began to pull up the anchor, as though he were going to shift to a better position.

She reached the stretch of yellow sand, and was about to turn towards the cave's black mouth when Martin hailed her suddenly.

"Come on, Anstice, you're late," he cried. "They're biting fine. I'll come ashore for you."

She turned with a start. "Now then, in you jump," he said loudly, as the dinghy grounded. "Good." His voice dropped. "Quiet, Anstice. Don't look round yet. There's some one coming round the other side of the Point."

He tugged at the oars, and pulled Sally well out towards the mouth of the creek.

"Did you see who it was?" she whispered, a little nervous catch in her voice.

"We'll know in a moment," he answered. "The fellow caught sight of me, and dodged back."

Sally drew clear of the Point. "There he is. Now quick, Anstice, can you recognise him?"

A tall man had jumped behind a rock as if to evade discovery. Anstice gasped.

"Why, it's Mr. Pyne," she said.

## QUIZ for today

1. A helot is a shield, sword, slave, priest, horse, fish?
2. Who wrote (a) The Deserted Village, (b) The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 3, 6, 9, 12, 16, 18, 21, 24.
4. About how many muscles are there in the human body?
5. In what city is Wall Street?
6. What famous philosopher was forced to poison himself?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? — Gizzard, Glamour, Glissade, Gloaming, Gosamer, Gourmand, Grannary, Grease.
8. What famous novel was written against negro slavery?
9. Which is larger, a ten-shilling note or a pound note?
10. What are the dimensions of a full-sized billiard-table?
11. The Blarney Stone is in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Norway, Iceland?
12. Who first thought of "summer time," and when?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 363

1. Bird.
2. (a) Chaucer, (b) Shakespeare.
3. Latvia is in Europe; others in America.
4. Philatelist.
5. Venice.
6. 6 inches.
7. Harpsichord, Horoscope.
8. 24.
9. E.g.
10. Ruth and Esther.
11. "Behold the Man."
12. Woodruff, Woodbine, Wood Spurge, Wood Anemone, etc.

## Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

Gregory Pyne looked up innocently.

"Hallo, Lynn!" he shouted. "You're out early. Had any sport?"

The casual note in the parson's voice did not ring quite true. Martin glanced at Anstice.

"Not so bad—I've caught a score." He dropped his voice to a whisper. "It's uncommon queer," he went on, "and it washes out the cave for this morning, anyhow. But—sing out to him, Anstice."

The girl looked up and called in a clear voice:

"What are you up to, Mr. Pyne fishing, too?"

"No, just ambling," he answered. "I had a vague idea of trying to find the Fern Cave."

Anstice laughed nervously. "You won't find it here, Mr. Pyne," she said, throwing a puzzled glance at Martin. "You're the wrong side of the Point."

"Yes; I seem to have gone astray," he laughed back.

Martin had been edging the dinghy in closer to the shore, and he made a sudden decision.

"We'll put you round if you like, Pyne," he called over his shoulder.

"No; I wouldn't dream of it," Pyne said. "And, anyhow, it's much too late for me now." He glanced at his wrist-watch. "You two people get on with your fishing. I'll go back the way I came. Good-bye."

With a cheery wave of the hand he started back towards the foot of the headland.

"What do you make of that?" Martin asked.

"I don't know; but—but I believe he suspected something," she said.

"Anstice, who did you think was following you yesterday?" he asked abruptly.

"I didn't think of anybody—in particular," she said to the sea and the still autumn air. "I was just—oh, just nervous. And it would be too silly to think it was Mr. Pyne, wouldn't it?" She looked towards Martin again with a frank smile.

Somehow, he was not convinced. Anstice, he felt, was not telling everything.

"Let's get into the Fern Cave," she answered impulsively. "We shan't have long—the tide's turning already."

"Right you are then," he said, pulling vigorously at the oars.

## JANE



MARTIN affected calm, but Anstice made no attempt to hide her excitement. When at last he stood upright and blinked in the eerie twilight of the cave, she was already by the far wall, down on her hands and knees, digging in the wet sand.

The floor of the cave was curious. Of hard sand, it sloped upwards from the mouth, and was some seven or eight feet higher at the back than by the entrance. Masses of dank, olive-coloured seaweed draped the nearer walls, but, at the back, wet moss grew on rock that glistened with seeping moisture.

Martin looked about him to see whence the light came, and noticed, high up, an irregular opening framing lace-like fronds of maiden-hair which grew from the roof. It was they which caused the weird, flickering light.

He climbed up the slope to Anstice.

"Was it here you found the Spanish gold?" he asked.

"Just about here," she answered, without looking up.

Anstice was digging away feverishly with her hands, quite heedless of a little stream of water that, flowing down the mossy wall, soaked her thick skirt.



"That's all he comes home on leave for."

"Why don't you come and help?" she called to him, as he stood gazing at the roof. "We haven't much time."

"I'm doing some staff work," he laughed. "Next time, partner, we've got to have spades here. I'm wondering where we can hide 'em." The cave gave an odd, booming sound to his voice.

"Oh, I wish we had hours here now," she answered, without looking up.

"Perhaps we shall have, next time," he said, for already, a scheme was taking form in his mind.

"Do come and dig," she begged again.

He obeyed her now, and went down on his knees, plunging his hands into the cool sand and sifting it opefully between his fingers.

But old John Parker gave up

none of his hoard to them that morning. Indeed, he nearly took his revenge.

Anstice noticed it first.

"I say," she called out with sudden concern, "look at the tide!"

Martin jumped to his feet in alarm as his eyes caught a shining ripple of water at the mouth of the cave.

They splashed through the rising tide, well above their ankles now, and Martin waded out to the dinghy, which was already afloat.

Anstice shivered as she climbed aboard, and began to wring out her dripping skirt.

"What would have happened if—if we'd been caught in there?" she asked, with awe in her voice.

"We'd have stayed there till eight-to-night—very cold and wet," he said.

"What a ghastly thought." She tried to make a joke of it. "I think I'd go mad if I were trapped in that place. Wouldn't you?"

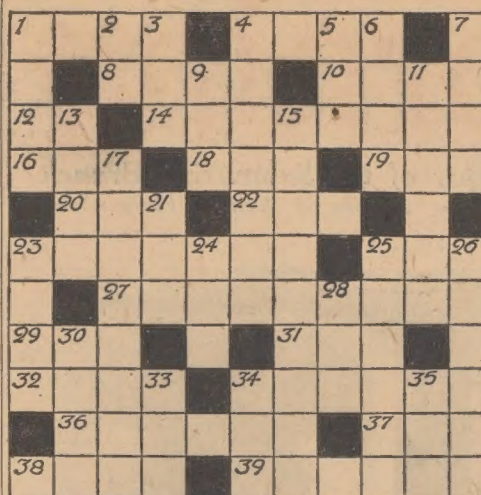
"I hope not," he laughed, because I propose to spend a night there, between tides, as soon as I can get in again."

"You don't!"

"I do indeed," he replied.

"That is, if you'll promise to come and fetch me out at low water."

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Happy.
- 4 Stuff.
- 8 Tramp.
- 10 Prima donna.
- 12 Because.
- 14 Toad larvae.
- 16 Bone.
- 18 Ventilate.
- 19 Big deer.
- 20 Lump of wood.
- 22 Shy.
- 23 Controversial.
- 25 Guided.
- 27 Deadlock.
- 29 Deed.
- 31 Colour.
- 32 Fat.
- 34 Pool.
- 36 Agent.
- 37 Islet.
- 38 Facile.
- 39 Rebut.

AVANT IMPID  
RID EASTER  
COMPARE ROB  
LILT RAISE  
PATE MUSTER  
I DRAMS K  
TARGET ALAS  
CREEP DIET  
HOB EMULATE  
MUSLIN VIA  
OATS DEFECT

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Tackle.
- 2 Cry of surprise.
- 3 Speck.
- 4 Supplement.
- 5 Bother.
- 6 Distance.
- 7 Job.
- 9 Beat.
- 11 Fabric.
- 13 Storage pit.
- 15 Methods.
- 17 Supports.
- 21 Obtain.
- 23 Climbers.
- 24 Plan.
- 25 Carriage.
- 26 Strike out.
- 28 Sludge.
- 30 W. Indies Republic.
- 33 Trifle.
- 34 Through.
- 35 Ignited.

"Yes, I'm having a round with Mr. Watson." He gave a slight jerk of the head towards the hall.

Instinctively her eyes went to the doorway, where Watson was being helped into a raincoat by one of the maids.

"So you—you got back all right this morning?" she went on, trying hard to appear at ease.

He looked at her with a queer smile.

"Do you know, I've quite forgotten seeing you this morning, Miss Anstice," he said solemnly. "I have a very poor memory—sometimes. Haven't you—sometimes?"

Mr. Harold Watson came down the steps.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Pyne."

"Not a bit," the padre replied cheerfully. "I'm just exchanging confessions with Miss Pendrew. We both admit to having shockingly bad memories. Well, good-bye, Miss Anstice. We must make the best of it." And once more a queer half-smile of understanding flashed for an instant in Gregory Pyne's hazel eyes.

MARTIN and his sister were to dine with Sir Harry Cosworth that night. The engagement had entirely slipped Martin's memory, and he looked up in surprise when Madge came into his room soon after six, saying it was time for him to change. "Oh Lord," he sighed. "I'd forgotten all about it."

He threw down the book catalogue he had been studying. There were a couple of things there he meant to have—Phelp's *Spanish Coins of the Eighteenth Century* and Howard Pyle's *Buccaneers*. Martin Lynn was thorough when he rode a hobby.

He poured himself out a whisky and soda, scribbled a note to Mount and Nations to order the books, and went reluctantly off to change. He loathed dining at Cosworth Place.

The dinner confirmed his most dismal expectations. Everything seemed to be wrong. Harry's sister, Fay, who acted as hostess, was loud-voiced and a fool. Cosworth himself was little better. He did not deserve such a house. He had a new wireless set, of which he was as proud as a boy; and one side of a magnificent Jacobean chest had been ruthlessly cut away to accommodate it. The thing was blaring in the hall when they arrived. It blared while they drank cocktails, and it blared throughout the meal.

When he came to his seat Fay Curtis challenged him from the head of the table.

"Martin, is it true you've found a buried treasure, or something?"

"Buried treasure!" he exclaimed in dismay. "No. What on earth are you talking about, Fay?" He fought hard to appear unconcerned.

"Madge was saying—" Fay went on, but Madge herself broke in.

"I was telling them about those silly coins of yours," she said. "Pieces of eight, and—"

"Oh, those!"

(To be continued)

You can't make a head and brains out of a brass knob with nothing in it. You couldn't when your Uncle George was living; much less when he's dead. Charles Dickens, "Little Dorrit."

## WANGLING WORDS—310

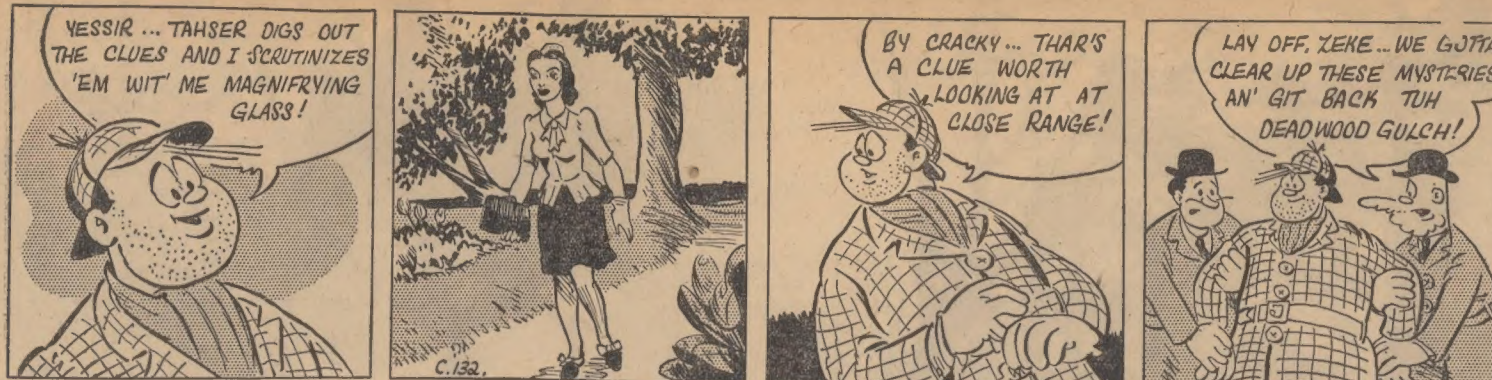
1. Put four in FER and make a note for more.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Item a ienn vasse ni chitts.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BAR into ALE and then back again into BAR, without using the same word twice.
4. Find a hidden English city in: It's no use trying to cook in that comic oven. Try this one. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 309

1. A-VI-D.
2. Under a spreading chestnut tree ("The Village Blacksmith").
3. BET, let, lot, lob, BOB, boy, coy, cot, pot, pet, BET.
4. Ch-is-wick.



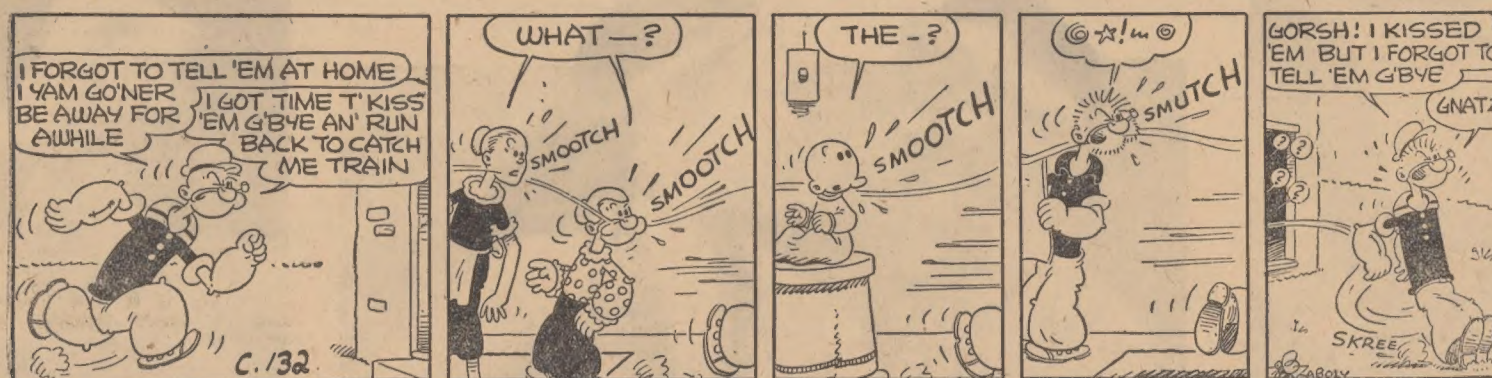
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Games to Make You Tough

By W. H. MILLIER

THIS war is bearing out a point that was revealed in the last war, and that is the remarkable recovery athletes make from wounds that would probably prove fatal in others who had never indulged in any strenuous games before joining the Forces.

If for no other reason, this alone should justify the authorities in giving every encouragement for youngsters to take up boxing and football under both codes.

An old London Irish Rugby full-back, Major J. L. C. Dillon, is back in England, and very little the worse for an experience which would have entitled a less tough individual to the freehold of six feet of earth.

In an accident overseas he broke his neck in two places and had his jaw fractured in nine places. I'll bet he'll be a pain in the neck to Jerry, if he goes overseas again!

An American airman, Lieut. Jack McQueeney, was a football star before getting into uniform. He was badly smashed up in a parachute accident and lost the use of his right arm. In order to strengthen his left arm, Army doctors advised him to take up discus throwing.

Lieut. McQueeney took it up to such effect that he has already thrown the discus 170 feet; that is only a few feet short of the world's record.

Of the boxers who were badly shot-up in the last war, I recall two in particular who had their jawbones shattered by bullets. This, you might have thought, would have been quite sufficient to have put them out of the boxing business for good.

Instead, they returned to the ring, and, in one instance at least, boxed better than ever before.

There was Eugene Criqui, a French feather-weight, who was a good boxer, but not exactly in the first flight before 1914. He served three years of the war in the French Army, until he sustained a wound which meant grafting new bone on his jaw.

Far from giving up the ring, he was one of the first French boxers to appear in an English ring after the cessation of hostilities. If his opponents thought his injury would quickly make him fall a victim to the knock-out they were sadly mistaken.

The spectators used to notice that vivid scar, and marvel that he would withstand such terrific punches on the jaw and even take them with equanimity.

He amazed his friends by returning to the ring not long after he had been discharged from hospital, and won 26 contests in succession, and all against tough opponents. He became champion of France soon after he resumed his ring activities.

His predecessor, Paul Til, had lost an arm in the war, and had perforce to give up all thoughts of fighting again, but he stuck to the game at which he had shone so brilliantly, and became a manager and trainer of boxers. Both Til and Criqui were grand fellows, and I would stake a lot on the assumption that they are not collaborationists.

Criqui was remarkable in his way. He had 18 years of active fighting in the ring. He fought all over Europe, and was frequently in England. He was highly successful in Australia, and went to America to win the world's feather-weight championship.

In all, he had 116 contests, and was never once knocked out; and this in spite of the fact that his jaw had been shattered by a German bullet.

In another instance which comes to mind the boxer was a heavy-weight. He was Bert Day, a Londoner, who joined the Army soon after the outbreak of the 1914 disturbance. Day had received a severe facial wound. His jaw had been shattered, but the surgeons must have made a fine job of repair. Day returned to the ring and put up many good fights. He was gameness itself.

In later years he was in great demand as a sparring-partner, and he deserved every penny of his earnings.

Heavy-weights usually find it difficult to secure efficient sparring-partners when in training, largely because not many care to stand up to the heavy punches handed out for small money. Day could stand up to the best of them and never complain of being overworked.

It all goes to show that boxing is a valuable form of training for men in all branches of the fighting Services, and our Commandos realised this very early in their preparation for the work ahead.

The ability to use one's fists is a great asset when the last round of ammunition has gone.

## Alex Cracks

I got into some awful digs during my last tour.

"Towels are dirty, there's a rim on the bath, and I can't find any soap," I told the landlady. "You've got a tongue in your head, haven't you?" snapped the old girl.

"Blimey—I'm no cat!" I said.

Went to buy a couple of shirts the other day. "These will laugh at the laundry," said the salesman.

"All right, I'll take them," I said, "as long as they don't split their sides."



## This England

G.-M. Photographer, Geo. Nixon, says, "To think that in this glade our laws are made."—Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.



In the Pets' Hospital this terrier shows you the results of a skilful operation. He was run over, poor fellow.



"Yes, just there, Mr. Dentist! I feels some slight protuberance like it was trying to get through the gum. A tooth, you say?"



"WHO LA! WHO LA!"  
And we guess the answer "Who" is so easy we won't bother you with it.



When we say "Shoe-bill," we don't mean a half-sole-repair, but the quaint bloke above.

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"That's no kind of ankle for a woman to show."

